

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Price One Cent

R.R. RUN-A-ROUND

Kane's Agency Insures Profits to
N.Y.N.H.R.R. Shareholders on Labor Alone

A simple expedition in search of work recently by two of THE CATHOLIC WORKER's permanent guests uncovered fresh testimony that abuses in the field of unskilled labor are still flourishing.

The offender this time, as many times before, is Kane's Agency, Chatham Square and the Bowery, notorious as a procurer of "coolie" labor for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The bill of grievances this time is one of hidden fees, pay-off evasion, insufficient and poor food at a high charge, and outrageous lodging conditions for the help housed out on the road.

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From observation and actual experience on the job they are able to report that there were pay-roll time figuring discrepancies, evasion and deferment of pay-off, fees charged which were not mentioned in the work contract, charges for food and lodging which were far below human standard.

While the accusation is specifically against Kane's, by implication it equally involves the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, for whom Kane's is the contracting agent for many categories of heavy laborers. Valentine Kane, who owns and directs the agency, is incidentally a heavy shareholder of New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad stock, in which capacity he presumably is in a position to influence the railroad's policy on labor.

The two men from THE CATHOLIC WORKER contracted to work as common laborers at 45 cents an hour, with an allowed deduction of \$1.25 a day for meals. There were no other permitted deductions in the contract, although other deductions were later made.

The men were shipped from New York with about 40 others on the night of the 14th to Bridgeport, Conn., where they had been told they would be given a meal on arrival. They received each a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee and sent on the job at 11 p.m.

Working the entire night, first in the switchyard in Bridgeport, later in Stamford, to which they

MURDERERS

He that offereth sacrifice of the goods of the poor, is as one that sacrificeth the son in the presence of his father.

The bread of the needy, is the life of the poor; he that defraudeth them thereof, is a man of blood.

He that taketh away the bread gotten by sweat, is like him that sheddeth blood, and he that defraudeth the laborer of his hire, are brothers.

When one buildeth up, and another pulleth down: what profit have they but the labor?

—Ecclesiasticus 34.

English Court Tests Conscience

Case of Catholic C. O. Arouses Widespread Interest

In the January CATHOLIC WORKER there appeared a story about an English Catholic conscientious objector. This objector made his stand solely on the dictates of his conscience and refused to be swayed or intimidated by an English court by its posing of irrelevant questions. Other tribunals in England have been unfair in their attitude to objectors by posing trick questions about orthodoxy and disobedience to the Catholic's refusal to adhere to their ecclesiastical superiors' stand on the Allied war as a just one and trying to intimidate cowardice and evasion of duty.

Arbitrary Courts

Through the English Catholic papers we have keenly watched for material dealing with the status and treatment of conscientious objectors. Protests have been raised by letters and articles in the Catholic Herald against certain tribunals and

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Court Slaps On Fine

The American Newspaper Guild (CIO) and its Chicago local were assessed a \$5,000 fine and \$4,177 in costs by Superior Court Judge John J. Lupe for violations of an injunction granted the struck Hearst Herald-American Feb. 7, 1939. An immediate appeal from the ruling will be made by the Guild, which has been on strike for 15 months.

The fines were based on a report previously submitted by Master in Chancery Benjamin E. Cohen. Commenting on Lupe's action, H. Richard Sellar, international representative of the Guild said:

"We are certain that the higher courts of Illinois will not countenance the efforts of Judge Lupe to set aside the constitutional right of the Guild strikers to freedom of speech and press—through injunctions, fines or the archaic use of body attachments."

The Guild strike has received the support of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, the Chicago CW doing yeoman service. Other supporters are THE NEW WORLD, diocesan paper of Chicago and many priests within the diocese.

EASY ESSAYS

by

Peter Maurin

BIRTH CONTROL

I. Gina Lombroso

1. In a book entitled "The Soul of Woman," Gina Lombroso says that the basis of the home is the love of the woman for the man.
2. She adds that no woman can love a man whom she cannot admire.
3. The woman's scale of values



is higher and lower than man's scale of values.

4. Because of that, no woman can admire a man who tries to induce her to practice birth control.
5. She takes the man as a meal ticket.

II. Heywood Broun

1. Margaret Sanger believes in birth control.
2. The Catholic Church does not believe in birth control.
3. If Margaret Sanger is right then the Catholic Church is wrong.
4. Heywood Broun thought a long time about that question.
5. He finally came to the conclusion that the Catholic Church is right and that Margaret Sanger is wrong.
6. And he entered the Catholic Church.

III. Dr. Herbert Ratner

1. Dr. Herbert Ratner is a convert from Judaism.
2. The study of sex brought Dr. Herbert Ratner into the Catholic Church.
3. As a scientist and as a philosopher,

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WEST COAST PROGRESS

Labor Presents Heartening Picture
To CATHOLIC WORKER Editor

Joseph P. Ryan's waterfront in New York is quite a contrast to the waterfront I have been visiting on the West Coast. So far I've taken in the Seattle and the Portland hiring halls; I've met many of the longshoremen, spoken at a meeting in the home of one of them in Seattle, and before the membership of one of the locals in Portland where there was over a thousand in attendance, and it might have been a seminary or college for the intelligent interest displayed. John Brost, president of the State CIO Council, was chairman of the latter meeting and introduced me to the men. A practical Catholic, an active labor man, he has a right to be proud of what the West Coast men have gained in their contracts, self-sacrificing fight for better conditions for all during these last year.

Seattle, Portland And Points South

Day After Day

What a mess my notebook gets into while I am travelling! And how hard it is to be doing things on the run. Here I am waiting for Cole Jackman, business agent of the Longshoremen to call for me to take me around the docks of Portland, and snatching at the moment to send back a message for the paper. Even prowling around my notebook is a difficulty. A pile of visiting cards fall out. One of them is the card of a young Communist I am to look up in San Francisco. Her sister is a Catholic in Seattle and an ardent worker in the Legion of Mary. Here is the address of Ford Tophy's aunt in San Francisco. Ford left his job in Seattle to help show me around the town, and he and his friend John Givins, who fought over in Spain for eighteen months were pretty steady companions.

And here is the card of G. M. Zucco, who is an official of the Bethlehem Steel Company in Seattle at whose house I had dinner and a general free-for-all discussion about the labor movement and race prejudice and *The Catholic Worker*. Right after that dinner I went to a meeting of the colored group in Seattle at the home of Mrs. Bowns, wife of a longshoreman who distributes the paper for us along the docks and puts one on every boat leaving the port. The room was filled and we had one of the best meetings of the trip so far. A white longshoreman of Seattle is distributing the paper for us in the hospitals where he has as his particular Work of Mercy, the visiting of those who are laid up

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The American Way

Is it a crime to steal food for starving children? Apparently the State of Wisconsin thought so when Judge Emory Crosby sentenced John M. Culver, Milwaukee, to three years imprisonment in the state prison at Wau-pun for the crime of stealing food. The Culver family, who are on relief, consists of Mr. and Mrs. Culver and their three children. Mrs. Culver is expecting a fourth child. Because his family could not subsist on the meager relief money Culver sought to replenish the family food supply by stealing. This conviction is an example of state justice. While Culver is eating at the expense of the State how will the State support the children while their father is in prison?

tical Catholic, an active labor man, he has a right to be proud of what the West Coast men have gained in their contracts, self-sacrificing fight for better conditions for all during these last year.

One of the greatest accomplishments, Cole Jackman, business agent for the Portland local explained to me was the equalization of pay. We were down on the docks, watching the unloading of the Vernal of the Calmar Line, a inter-coastal ship which had just brought in a cargo of trucks and steel rails.

It was a gray rainy day, but mild, and the Willamette river was slaty under an overcast sky. Down the river floated rafts of logs to one of the sawmills, and on the dock were piles of sweet-smelling lumber to be loaded on the boat.

"By working toward the equalization of wages," he explained, "the gangs are called out who have earned the least in the last three-week period. So it works out in the end that the men make about \$2,100 a year. About half of them own their own

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Labor Unions

It is freely admitted that modern industry requires considerable concentration of capital, but it is not admitted that concentration of ownership and control is consequently necessary or beneficial to the common good. The concentration of capital, however, with mass employment does create a new and more impersonal relationship between capital and labor. The problem is one of providing equitably for the distribution of income between those who supply capital and those who supply labor.

In too many instances an undue portion of the income has been claimed by those who have ownership or control of capital, whilst those on the other hand who have only their labor to invest have been forced to accept working conditions which are unreasonable and wages which are unfair. This condition arises from the fact that labor policies have been dictated by false principles in the interests of the owners or capitalists. Secondly it arises from the fact that labor frequently has had no voice in the regulation or the adjustment of these problems. Labor can have no effective voice as long as it is unorganized. To protect its rights it must be free to bargain collectively through its own chosen representatives.

From CHURCH AND THE SOCIAL ORDER issued by the Archbishops and Bishops of National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Labor Briefs

Business is good. That's a fact and also a concern to labor unions and labor leaders. From every source of information that is authentic we see increased unemployment with increased business volume. Philip Murray of the Steel Workers will present before a Senate Committee (TNEC) the ill-effects of the "good" business and its production by inhuman technological advancements. From the aircraft industry we learn the adverse effects of war and "good" business. A spokesman for the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce points out where increased production (of implements of death) makes conveyor operations more profitable and cuts down the need for workers. This spokesman, Pres. J. H. Jouett, gleefully states "—and for that reason we see no serious labor shortage in the future." The thing sizes up like this nationally. While production is greater than anytime since 1929 it is being done with two and one half million hands.

Employer-Employee Harmony

From the brighter side comes news from Detroit of a packing firm, Hammond and Standish, announcing that it will form a harmonious front with its workers for the establishment of an annual wage agreement. Said the company of the union: "Since the union has been here we are confident it has helped us. With union cooperation we are confident that we will be able to improve the conditions of employees and work together for an annual wage agreement." Like the Hormel Co., and several other firms traveling this road, the Hammond and Standish Co. are worthy of every praise.

Congratulations

We congratulate the International Ladies Garment Workers Union on its thirtieth anniversary. This union has justified its existence by establishing decent wages, hours and conditions, employer-employee relations, employees' voice in the control of production, cooperative housing projects with private ownerships for workers, clinics, cultural and recreational centers, schools, vacation camps at very low rates (we could go on and on—sounds like the encyclicals, doesn't it?) Simultaneous with the anniversary announcement are the reports of the unions fight against tuberculosis. Since the founding

of this union which has constantly fought against damp floors, dust, poor ventilation and other health detriments the ILGWU has reduced TB 80% among about 33,000 unionists.

Sour Note

From the survey of legal justice towards workers it seems every gain made by workers is undone by some ordinance barring fundamental rights such as the right to strike, picket, etc. In several cases workers have been forced to use the new technique of telephone picketing. In the Credit Clearing House Co. strike in New York members of many unions spent their nickels to crowd the phone lines of the company. The method was successful and has spread throughout the country. There are all kinds of city and state ordinances designed to eliminate the privileges embodied in national laws. True, we have a Wages and Hours law. Yet Judge Goddard in New York had to hear a case of an employer taking money back from his employees after the wage-hour inspector had passed. In Alabama a judge heard two workers pleading for their right to the minimum wage guaranteed by law (25c an hour). Through some kind of legal casuistry the judge could not see where the employers should be subjected to the harshness of the wage-hour law.

Labor baiters are harder at work than ever. The most disgusting example to thwart progress in the right direction comes from Ray Murphy, former national commander of the American Legion. The gist of his intelligence campaign, in a well-financed pamphlet is "the co-operative movement is revealed as a planned program for the complete overthrow of our tried and true system of private enterprise." Except for the sickening connotation, we agree with Mr. Murphy to some extent. We ourselves are guilty of advocating cooperatives as a means to eliminating the effects of our "tried and true" system.

Labor Priest

During the past month labor lost a great friend and champion



THIRD STATION
Christ Falls the First Time

in the death of Rev. J. W. R. Maguire. It was this priest who authored and had passed in legislature the first anti-injunction law in the country. He mediated and settled many strikes, admonished the sinner by defying labor racketeers and spent his energy freely in behalf of labor by working out legislative programs, speaking at union gatherings and negotiating. May he rest in peace.

The recent pastoral of the Bishops on the Social Order won the wide acclaim of groups representing every walk of life. The secular press, Jewish and Protestant groups and many labor unions made known their approval. The work was also made into a Senate Document. Heywood Brown was paid tribute to by some 12,000 people assembled at a memorial meeting in his honor. Msgr. John A. Ryan joined with

Protestant and Jewish clergymen in appealing to the AF of L and the CIO to heal the breach in their ranks. The Jesuit weekly AMERICA holds that John L. Lewis' proposal for a joint AFL-CIO convention was first submitted to the labor leader by Msgr. Haas of Catholic University back in 1937 and states "these labor groups could not do better than to arrange for a meeting with Msgr. Haas."

Relief Injustice

From Jersey with its own quaint type of justice comes a depressing tendency. Colonel Glover, director of an emergency relief investigating committee completed a survey on relief and presented his findings and recommendations. The report urges relievers be refused the right to vote and be given the status of paupers. He recommended curtailment of cash relief and sending clients to stores which would be forbidden to sell relievers any such items as soft drinks, tobacco, candy, etc. The bill has its friends among the legislators. In California, a migratory worker, Fred Edwards, was given six months in the Yuba County jail for the crime of helping his sister and her family to come from Oklahoma to California. The court said it is "against the welfare of California to transport an indigent into the state." Down in Ft. Smith, Arkansas, the United Cannery and Agricultural



FIFTH STATION
Simon of Cyrene Helps Christ



FOURTH STATION
Christ Meets His Mother

Workers union sought relief from the Governor for 2,500 sharecroppers "tractored" off their land and disclosed to him gruesome facts about near-starvation in cotton towns.

And, lastly, we deal with war and unemployment. Ever so many people looked for an industrial boom as a result of war. Facts gathered by the International Labor Office don't bear out this strange kind of optimism. In France unemployment increased by 14,000 and in Belgium (neutrals are supposed to benefit) the increase was 45,000 and Great Britain saw over 200,000 more workers without jobs in Mid-November.

**N. Y. C. Readers
Remember
Catholic
Charities**

Case of English Catholic Conscientious Objector

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forewarning against arbitrariness on the part of these courts which would jeopardize the ordinary subject's freedom of conscience. The tribunals in question have attempted not to determine the truthfulness of the cases of objectors, but to inject personal opinions, to question whether the objector agrees or disagrees with his Bishop or if the objection applies only to modern wars. This attitude is contrary to established English law and is usurpation of a man's conscience no differently than it would be if the courts determined that married people must practice immoral birth control. In England, as in America, the purpose of courts and tribunals is to determine if a man has IN CONSCIENCE a case against participation in war and to protect this right regardless of overwhelming public clamor for the war or the stand taken by one's co-religionists or ecclesiastical superiors.

From the Herald again we read of a sharp criticism by a mem-



SIXTH STATION
Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus

ber of Parliament of the Glasgow tribunal's handling of the case of a C. O. The questions of the tribunal were designed to trick the defendant and belittle him, to make him indicate that his stand was a political or sentimental one. A typical question: "Would you use force in defense of your wife were she attacked?" This line of questioning, this use of hypothesis rather than determining the truth in such cases, is the method used to evade the legal protection of the rights of individual conscience.

The Hon. John McGovern, M.P., took issue with the tribunal in the way it handled the case of one James Hamilton, a laboring man and an objector. Mr. McGovern expressed the determination that he, with other members of Parliament who believed in the liberty of conscience for individuals, would carry the fight to the Minister of Labor and insist that "the state of affairs existing in certain tribunals be brought to an end." In deploring the procedure, McGovern made this statement:

"It is nothing short of inhuman the way in which people, particularly those with conscientious objections of a religious nature, are made to abase themselves at C. O. tribunals. A succession of hypothetical and trick questions are hurled at them in order that they may, by their answers, denounce themselves as cowardly and mentally incompetent social misfits; men who care nothing for the fate of their fellows."

True to his promise, Mr. McGovern carried his protests to the Ministry of Labor. By the time he did this the tribunal at Glasgow added another complication by insisting priests must guarantee Catholic C. O.'s. The court had asked an objector if he sought the permission of his

priest before registering as a C. O. Because he had not done so his name was deleted from the register of bona fide objectors. Mr. McGovern objected to this demanding that priests serve as guarantors of another man's conscience, holding that this action held no place in the function of the court and was unfair to both the objector and the priest.

We are gratified that in this day of propaganda and news censorship that we can even receive the Herald, which is giving much space to defending the rights of conscientious objectors and disseminating dispassionately the truth in their cause. We wonder how many American Congressmen and Senators will take the attitude of Mr. McGovern and his colleagues, if and when, the United States should



SEVENTH STATION
Christ Falls a Second Time

engage in a war. Our gratitude and prayers are with those who bravely follow the dictates of their consciences, those who defend them in this right and the Catholic Herald for its intellectual integrity on the whole question.

Hamilton, Ont.

St. Michael's House of Hospitality
101 Caroline Street North

We are rather well established in our new House now. Just after we moved, Michael O'Brien, late of Cleveland, came along and has done wonders for us. Frozen pipes, lack of fuel and food did not seem to discourage him as they had us. Now the House is in good shape and is warm and comfortable. For the first time we have sent out appeals and have had some response. We have been getting donations of fuel, bread and meat. The new House is in St. Mary's parish, and Father Priester from there is interested in what we are doing. One night last week he came to bless the House, said Compline with us, and gave us a donation as he has done on different occasions. The Health Department and the policeman on the beat have also visited us. Being more accessible to the poor, the men come in large numbers; many have helped with the work; they stay to read and have a cup of coffee. Mike is trying to make Americans out of us; we haven't had a cup of tea since he has been with us. At last, too, we can sleep men.

In spite of the fact that Mike expects to leave us when Spring comes and another month's rent bill is staring us in the face we feel particularly blessed. Our group seem to like the humble, homely atmosphere of our new House. They come more often and others drop in, too. And if any of your other Houses have more treasures like Michael O'Brien do let us know them. We have learned so much of late.

BEN MULVALE.



SECOND STATION
Christ Accepts His Cross



FIRST STATION
Jesus Is Condemned to Death

Minneapolis, Min.

St. Benedict's House
105 E. Hennepin Ave.

Dear Fellow Workers:

We hope that this letter will reach you in time to make the paper. Our last few letters have been a little late because of the many other tasks that come first in the daily work of the House. Since we began about three or four months ago we have been quite busy making improvements in the House. About twenty gallons of paint have been used so far, and it certainly has brightened the place up.

We have about a hundred men who stay with us, and it keeps us on the hop trying to keep that personal contact which is so necessary in a House. The easiest way of keeping order and peace, so we have found, is to find things that keep the men busy. They are much happier when they are doing something. The Health Department was rather hard on us for a while



EIGHTH STATION
Christ Meets the Women of
Jerusalem

demanding many changes that were both expensive and unreasonable. With a little time, however, which we asked for, the demands have been, for the most part, met.

Several of the fellows installed showers and a laundry room in the basement. One of them even went so far as to make a laundry tub out of cement. The basement has been completely whitewashed and is used for workshop for our carpenter and our shoemaker besides being a recreation room. The carpenter we have is a very interesting fellow. He is always at work doing some little or some big thing. He is an old fellow of about sixty-five and a craftsman of the old school. He can do more work with just a hammer and a saw than most modern carpenters can with a full set of tools. This morning I was awakened at five o'clock by loud hammering, and when I went downstairs there was the carpenter starting on a job. He had been working until about ten o'clock the night before, but he seems to be happiest when he is on the go.

Our Union of Unemployed and our Credit Union are going along fine. The men who are in charge have contacted the bill peddlers' union and are called once or twice a week for the services of about twenty men. They have also managed to contact a number of Parishes and obtained odd jobs. Study groups are held twice a week to discuss the principles of cooperatives, and the interest has been very encouraging. The Credit Union that they have formed has about fifty members in it with a share capital of about fifty dollars. They also have a buying club through which they purchase their tobacco and razor blades. After a period of further discussion and study we hope a self-help co-op of some kind will develop. We want it, however, to come spontaneously from the men themselves. Our job, after all, is only to guide them and encourage them to have confidence in their own ability to solve their economic and social problems.

Father Le Beau continues to

West Coast Story

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homes and most of them have cars."

Maximum sling load is 2,100 pounds. This is important because on the East Coast it is much more, which means speed-up and increased hazards.

Up in Seattle one of the fellows in the hiring hall had explained how the men could call up in the afternoon to get their assignments, which meant that they did not have to come in to the hall, but could stay at home and cultivate their acre plots.

The men work a six-hour day at 95 cents an hour, \$1.40 overtime. Of course they often have to work up to twelve hours but that is the limit. Also, they do not work without stopping for food after five hours. Safety rules are fully enforced, but in spite of that longshore work is a hazardous occupation. There were thirty in the hospital in Seattle then.

Special provision is made for the men over sixty-five to give them lighter work, because no pension system has been worked out yet.

There is no kickback on the West Coast, no bribing in order



NINTH STATION
Christ Falls a Third Time

to get jobs, no hanging around the docks early in the morning in the lineup to find out whether there is any work that day. Men are creatures of body and soul. They have a sense of the dignity of their position as workers on the West Coast which they cannot have under the system in New York or on the East Coast.

And I write this most specially for the men on the East Coast to urge them to study their position, to build up a strong rank and file movement, to work towards such meetings where men have voice in the management of their union. It is their duty as Catholics and their duty as men.

come over every Wednesday evening to talk to the men on religion and in general on topics that interest them. Out of these talks has come a convert class with about six fellows taking instructions. The Sunday Evening Forums are beginning to draw a larger attendance. We are giving the Social Problem Series by Virgil Michel. Our speaker last Sunday was Emerson Hynes from St. John's, who is well known to all of you, as is our speaker for next Sunday, John Barth. I received a card from Dorothy the other day. She is in Portland and in for a busy two months.

Yours in Christ,
MARTY PAUL.

"It is a grave error to believe that true and lasting peace can rule among men as long as they engage first and foremost in the greedy pursuit of the material goods of this world. These, being limited, can, with difficulty, satisfy all, even if no one (which is hard to imagine) should wish to take the lion's share. They are necessarily unsatisfying, because the greater the number of shares the smaller the share of each."—(Christmas allocution of Pope Pius XI, 1930.)

R.R. Shareholders Stuff Pockets

(Continued from page 1)

were transferred by train, they had been promised breakfast at 7 o'clock. Came seven o'clock, eight and nine—still no breakfast. Then the same foreman who had promised it at seven announced they would not be able to eat until eleven. It was only after threat of a work stoppage that he relented and permitted the crew to eat.

There was no complaint with the quality of this meal nor of the lunch which followed later—both were paid for in cash by the foreman, and deductions made later from pay check at the rate of one hour's time (or 45 cents) for each meal. The meals received on this basis were ham and eggs for breakfast; for lunch, veal stew. The deductions for these meals were made apart from the originally agreed \$1.25 a day for meals, and it is on this point that a later disagreement arose.

The two men from THE CATHOLIC WORKER were split into separate gangs after lunch, one of them working through to 5:30 p.m. at Stamford, a total of 17½ working hours; the other winding up at Bridgeport at 8 p.m., after 21 working hours.

The important testimony at this point is that there were men



TENTH STATION
Jesus Is Stripped of His
Garments



ELEVENTH STATION
Jesus Is Nailed to the Cross

both in Stamford and in Bridgeport attempting at nearly the same time to get paid off. Some important contentions of the agency officials hinge on this point.

The gang which finished work at Stamford was told it must go to Bridgeport to be paid off. But while waiting for the train to Bridgeport another train pulled in bound in the opposite direction to New York. At this point a stranger arrived on the scene, addressed himself to the foreman of the crew, and an announcement was made that those wishing to be paid must proceed to Rye. The crew piled aboard the train bound for Rye and New York.

Once arrived in Rye, however, they were told they could not be paid off there, but that the pay-off was to be in Bridgeport, as originally announced. But every attempt to get to Bridgeport to get paid was unavailing. The men asked for a railroad fare pass and were refused. They

asked for a note of identification to show the conductor on the train and were refused. They asked for an I.O.U. showing the amount owed to them for work, which they might show to the train conductor, and they were refused. Without money they could not buy a fare, and they were effectually stranded in Rye.

This point is important, since, curiously enough, Kane maintains a labor camp in Rye, about a quarter mile from the station. It is significant that if a man takes advantage of any of its accommodations he falls immediately subject to a charge against his earnings.

Officials at the labor camp refused even to send a representative to the station with the men, to identify them to train officials to get them routed through. To all their inquiries they were told brusquely to wait.

Meanwhile, despite what had been announced at Rye regarding a pay-off in Bridgeport, the other man from THE CATHOLIC WORKER who was actually working with a crew in Bridgeport was unable, despite that fact, to get paid off there after finishing up at eight o'clock.

The implications of the situation were that there was no pay-off being made anywhere, although the men, at widely separated points, could hardly be expected to guess that. Nevertheless, as the evening progressed, groups of men began converging on the labor camp in Rye, including even the crew from Bridgeport, which had been the widely heralded point of the pay-off.

In all there were approximately 200 men held over at the labor camp, under accommodations which, by admission of officials themselves, were intended only for summer occupancy. One very small stove was the sole source of heat for the entire sleeping hall, lined on both sides with bunks in double tiers. Some of the bunks did not even have mattresses, extra blankets being passed out to substitute for that purpose. Because of the condition of the bunks some of the men chose to sleep on the floor. Those who arrived late in the



TWELFTH STATION
Christ Dies Upon the Cross

night, as some did, were forced to sleep on the floor.

The presence of so many men in the camp invites speculation as to the reason. Many of them did not want to be there—had tried in fact to get paid off and get on their way back to New York. But they were stranded, without money, and forced to accept what accommodations were available.

If they spent the night and accepted breakfast in the morning, and the lunch which each man was handed as he left the camp, he was subject to the extra \$1.25 charge for meals.

Here is a resume of the meals, as observed on the scene:

The evening meal night of the 14th—two frankfurters, spoonful of sauerkraut, coffee without milk.

Breakfast the 15th—scrambled

eggs, potatoes, coffee with powdered milk. (The eggs were branded by Bowery habitues as worse even than served in the "horse markets".)

Lunch the 15th (handed to the men in a package as they left the camp)—Two sandwiches and an apple, or, in some cases, a piece of cake.

The acceptance of the above, or any part of it, made the recipient liable to the charge of \$1.25 for "meals." It is interesting to compute that had all of the nearly 200 men at the Rye camp accepted the meals it would have meant an additional revenue to the camp for that day of nearly \$250.

As it was, all of the men were billed the \$1.25 a day, whether they received the meals or not. Legally they were liable to the charge, under the terms of the contract they signed, but many protested on the score they had eaten no meals on Kane's commissary, but only at the railroad restaurants, for which they had had time deducted at the rate of one hour's pay (45 cents) per meal. Some of those who pressed their objections to the double assessment had the \$1.25 charge dismissed.

Of the two men from THE CATHOLIC WORKER, one was forced to pay the charge and the other had it dismissed. The one who had it dismissed had left the camp after remaining there only a short time, and eventually found his way to Bridgeport at 8 o'clock the next morning. He was told he could not be paid until 10 o'clock. He waited until 11:30 before being paid. It was not until then that he found he was to be charged a 10 per cent service charge on his total earnings, to Kane's as a job agency, although there had been no such stipulation on the contract, as is normal.

Several men being paid off protested also that they had not been credited with their full working time. Their only satisfaction was to be told to see their foreman and get a time accounting. The impossibility of doing this was apparent from the fact that nearly every man worked for four or five foremen, and that none of the foremen issued official time slips.

Among those who protested
(Continued on page 6)



THIRTEENTH STATION
Christ Is Taken Down From
the Cross



FOURTEENTH STATION
Christ Is Laid in the Tomb

CATHOLIC WORKER

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Road to Golgotha

Thinking over possible themes for a Lenten editorial, we could not but dwell on the Passion of Jesus. Ordinarily we could follow through the road to Golgotha in traditional fashion, marking step by step the events as portrayed in the Stations. But this time one thought persisted; persisted in spite of our attempts to piece the story in its usual coherent fashion.

The scourging. Here it was difficult to get a clear cut mental image of Christ suffering the torments of his persecutors. All around His figure there arose vague, misty images that almost obscured Him and yet seemed part of Him. We saw black men in twentieth century dress being pursued by angry mobs. They were tortured, spat upon, hanged. Their bodies were covered with kerosene and burned. Their dying screams and protestations of innocence rang in our ears. Derisive cries of "crucify him" and "hang the nigger" seemed strangely melded and the two expressions were impossible of isolation.

We saw gaunt, terrified figures running hither and thither, pursued by other mobs. There were signs about their necks. "Jude" the signs said, and the mob members were dressed in brown. They were being forcibly separated from their loved ones; they were being sent to the far corners of the earth; all manner of scorn was heaped upon them. Some of the mob yelled, "Killers of Christ." We thought, then, we saw Christ's lips move. He had to wet them with his tongue first. The parched cracking of them must have hurt. A kindly rebuke issued, "You are the ones doing this to Me, you who do it to my brothers."

There rose up before us and around the tired, patient Christ, visions of slum families; there appeared armies of men and women refused the right to a living; there were sharecroppers, and factory workers and child laborers. Bodies broken by capitalism and crushed by greed. Men appeared to cry out against injustice, and jails and gibbets appeared. We thought we saw the faces of Republic Steel workers grimacing as bullets struck their backs; we thought we saw the faces of Sacco and Vanzetti; and again the victims of the Coal and Iron police. Priests with Mexican and Spanish faces were there. And there were the rickety forms of Spanish and Polish and Russian children. Men cried for peace and again the jails and lashes appeared.

Finally the visions died out. Christ was taking up His cross. One by one the pathetic figures of the vision reappeared and helped Him. Some dropped out after a while; others stayed till the top of the hill was reached.

This is not meant to be a learned sermon. We have endeavored to portray the, distraction if you will, as we saw it. A great deal is left out because it is seen much better than it can be described. Anyone can see the rest if he will.

PRAYER FOR PEACE BY POPE BENEDICT XV

"Dismayed by the horrors of war which bring ruin to peoples and nations, we turn, O Jesus, to Thy most loving heart as to our last hope . . . O King of Peace, we humbly implore the peace for which we long. From Thy Sacred Heart Thou didst send forth over the world divine charity, so that discord might end and love alone reign among men . . . Do Thou inspire rulers and people with counsels of meekness, do Thou heal the discords that tear the nations asunder . . . And as once before to the cry . . . 'Save us, Lord, we perish,' Thou didst answer with words of mercy, and didst still the raging waves, do now deign to hear our trustful prayer, and give the world peace and tranquility."

No King is saved by a great army nor shall a giant be saved by the abundance of his strength. . . . Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will call upon the name of Lord Our God.

Day After Day

(Continued from page 1)

Injured in hospitals. There are thirty of them there at the present time. Stevedoring is a hazardous occupation.

Cowboy C. W.

Also in my notebook is a pamphlet, the safety code drawn up by the employers before the big 1934 strike which they used in court cases to prove that they had one, but which the union had a hard time forcing them to live up to.

Turning to the pages devoted to Seattle, I find first the notes I took during my conversation with Bishop Shaughnessy whom I visited as I arrived, and again just before I left Seattle. He has generously given our group, which is made up of twenty members of a study club, permission to go ahead and start a House of Hospitality and he told me about the work already accomplished in Seattle by the St. Vincent de Paul Society. At his suggestion I visited the Salvage Bureau which has its headquarters in a group of buildings on the property of Peter Empt who wears a ten-gallon black hat and cowboy boots, a holster and revolver and makes his own bullets. He has a ranch on the side as a hobby. He is a generous soul and offers to help us get started in Seattle.

St. Vincent de Paul

The Salvage Bureau puts up and feeds about sixty men and on two occasions I went over and spoke to them about *The Catholic Worker* and the land movement as a way out of unemployment. Sixteen of the men go to the 500 acres around St. Edward's seminary and work there, during the day clearing out underbrush, and in the wood yard the men work chopping wood for poor families ministered to by the St. Vincent de Paul.

The Bishop also told me about Peter Fitzgerald who is sacristan of the church down near Skid Row, who frequents that thoroughfare to drag the lame, the halt and the blind back to the Church. The Ozanam Home is another project of the Conference which I have not heard of worked out any place else in the United States. There a group of men who have small pensions, combine their resources and live together in a cooperative hostel, managed and directed by themselves.

It was due to the public statements of Bishop Shaughnessy that the anti-labor legislation such as passed in Oregon was defeated in the State of Washington. The Bishop takes an active interest in the affairs of the unions in his city.

How to Keep Busy

It was good to see our old friend, Fr. Reinhold, again and convey to him all the messages of the New York group who knew him so well. Stationed at the Cathedral as he is, I could drop in often and pay a visit and tell him of my meetings from day to day. The meetings were full of contrast, ranging from the CIO Industrial Council, the Sacred Heart School, the Seminary, St. Martin's (Benedictines) College, the sodality of Seattle College, luncheon with the editors of the AF of L paper, visits with the various leaders of the labor movement, the Workers Alliance, a visit to Hooverville.

I spoke also to the Newman Club of Washington University and later in the week to all the sociology classes there, to the Diocesan Council of Catholic Women, to the sisters of the Holy Names who teach in all the schools.

And after four and five meetings a day I went to the home of Jane Prouty, who was my hostess, and enjoyed the happy

Communion

Saturday After the Fourth Sunday in Lent

Ps. 22. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want: He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters.

To St. Joseph

This letter comes to you, St. Joseph, from the Far West, from the state of Oregon, where there are probably not as many inhabitants as there were in Palestine when you were there. There are high snow covered mountains such as you saw on your travels, and plains and uplands where Basque shepherds care for their sheep, and there are orchards and rich land for farming, and heavy forests.

There is poverty here, such as you knew, and folks traveling as you did, the transients who come from the Dakotas and from the South, following the crops. And there are the indifferent, comfortable ones who would say again "there is no room at the inn," if you came looking for shelter for the blessed Mother and the Child she bore under her heart.

You would feel at home here, as you did on your travels those early years of our Lord's life. You could feel at home anywhere because the Lord was with you. You were indeed blessed among men.

Example

We of the CATHOLIC WORKER groups throughout the country, have a special devotion to you, St. Joseph, because you are preeminently all that a lay apostle should be. You were a worker, you earned your bread with the sweat of your brow, from day to day you did those little things that make up life, abandoning yourself to Divine Providence. What you did not understand, you took and pondered in your heart. You lived by faith and by hope. And your charity was patient, kind, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. You, too, saw "through a glass, darkly."

We need your prayers, your guardianship, because we who are in the CATHOLIC WORKER movement are not the mighty nor the wise, but the little and the foolish, using the little means of our daily life, the little means of food and shelter and clothing, the little contacts we have during the days, to find Christ in the worker, and to show our love for God, by our love for our fellows.

Thank You

We owe you constant thanks for your constant care of us, because you are our householder, to whom we turn to provide us with the material things of this life to use in our work.

We beg your prayers to give us strength.

"For these things are necessary for the service of the Lord our God," as Moses told Pharaoh.

And now we beg your prayers to give us strength and fortitude, and the joy in labor which makes the long days short and the hard work easy, that enables us to bear cold and fatigue and failure. "God instructs the heart by sufferings and contradictions, not by ideas," Caussade writes, and we need to have stout hearts to take it.

Thank you, St. Joseph, for being a tender counsellor and friend, and thank you, God, for St. Joseph.

hospitality of these friends of the paper. Andy took two weeks off looking for a job to drive me everywhere, and through them it was possible to cover all the ground I did while in Seattle.

Portland

Visits are all too short, and now I am in Portland, staying with Catherine Temple, who has a little house on the side of Mt. Tabor. I arrived on the eve of the Feast of the Transfiguration, and since the Transfiguration is our parish church on Mott street I felt much at home.

Her front windows look out on Mt. Hood (when not enveloped in Oregon mist, as they call their downpours here), and to one side there is Mt. St. Helens. In the garden out in front peach trees frame the view. Already in February the hepatica, the daffodils, the Japanese quince is in bloom. Back east the snow lies on the ground; they are still frozen fast in winter. Spring must seem far off to them, but here it is with us. I am getting more than my share of spring this year, though we got more than our share of winter at Mott street during January.

Here in Portland there are labor meetings, meetings in schools, visits to union halls, and to Mt. Angel, the Benedictine

Monastery, a visit to the crater of Mt. Tabor, the only extinct volcano within a city. There was the funeral of the widow of Senator Lane I attended, paying respect, too, to the memory of one of the wilful six who voted against war back in 1917. There are visits with Munroe Sweetland, secretary of the Oregon Commonwealth Federation, affiliated with the Labor Non-Partisan League, and a power here on the West Coast, and many discussions as to labor legislation and legislation for racial minorities, such as the Negroes and the Filipinos. The latter are members of the Cannery Workers Union, the leadership of which is Communist. And they are nominally all Catholic.

Here in the Northwest the same trouble of unemployment and poverty is present, but there is land and plenty of room on it for the unemployed if they can get hold of it. There is a survey of the Northwest in this month (March) issue of *Fortune*, and I came across another in an old copy of *Life* for June 5, last year. The Northwest is a region which presents opportunities.

Next week I will be in Spokane, then back here for a few days,

(Continued on page 6)

Saint Peter Claver



—Ade Bethune

Hooverville

The rain poured down. Underneath was mud, ankle deep, and the long lane that cut between the rows of shacks reflected the grey clouds in its pools. It was not cold, thank God, but the damp sank into your bones.

We had just come from the Workers' Alliance headquarters, where they have a big hall and offices, and where Byrd Kelso, the director, had provided us with a guide. The guide himself lived in Hooverville in one of the shacks. I had seen him before, I was sure, at one of the Workers' Alliance meetings in New York or Washington.

Our guide got us in touch with George Parish, the mayor of the "town," who talked as though he took to heart the responsibilities of his position. From the fact that he talked of a Korean whom he had just buried as an "Foshist," and because he told me how he had earned his living by selling the Daily Worker, I took him to be a Communist. Probably the only Communist mayor in the country.

Personnel

The village, he said proudly, was registered at Washington. There were 650 shacks, and they were trying not to put up any more. If some one died or moved out, they occasionally allowed some one else to move in. If they could find any heirs they tried to sell it for \$25 or so for the benefit of those heirs.

"But that Korean I just buried," he ruminated. And I had a vision of him digging a grave and disposing of the body from the way he talked. "The house he lived in was very unhealthy." I looked around at the motley collection of houses. They all looked pretty unhealthy to me. "You see it stands in the water, down in a little hollow, so we are just going to use it as a tool shed."

We prowled along between the puddles, down to the waterfront and looked out at the boats. The tide was low and a few outhouses stood crazily on stilts above the rocks. There was one faucet for the village to get water. Ford Tuohy, John Givins, Andrew Prouty were my companions. John had been used to sleeping in trenches, to going hungry. He had refused cat meat once over in Spain and later he had wished he hadn't. His face has a constant look of compassion, no bit-

terness, but a deep understanding of human misery.

"We've got fifteen Swedish fishermen," the mayor went on. "We have a boat builder too. There are quite a few carpenters, and one Mexican barber. Also a few speakeasies."

Religion Is Out

The place used to be the old Todd Shipyard and now it is under the jurisdiction of the Port Commissioner. His intervention had kept the place going time and again when they wanted to tear the shacks down. Six hundred and fifty homes. Some of the children went to school from there.

There are other shack towns in Seattle, and within the city limits. We passed another over by the railroad tracks. That also stood with its feet in water, wisps of smoke curling out of the crazy chimneys. There is another by the garbage dumps, near to the food supply as it were.

"Any church down here?" I asked the Mayor.

"Nobody wants a church down here," he said coldly. "There's one lady who has mission services in her house and she feeds the bums." (An aristocracy even in Hooverville!) "But when a preacher came down on Christmas to talk to the men, they drove him out."

But Christ is there, I thought sadly, there in the mud, in the shacks with His poor. With them he is trying to find a place to lay His head. With them, He hungers and with them he suffers fatigue of body and soul.

"Behold, Oh God, our Redeemer, and look upon the face of Thy Christ," there in the dumps, among the creatures who still are men. Have pity on them, and on us, who permit such things to be. D. D.

Easy Essays

(Continued from page 1)

he maintains that the Catholic Church is foolproof in the matter of sex.

4. He intends to teach biology and to lecture on marriage.

IV. Prostitution Plus

1. Birth control is not control.
2. What is not self control is self indulgence.

+ Letters from Our Readers +

Birth Control

Darlen Center, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

The article on Birth Control by the Gadfly was read with interest and deep approval. By word and deed we must fight this evil that is making such great strides in our country.

An another page of the February number, Art Sheehan writes about St. Benedict's Farm and in giving details of the expenditures, I notice that \$100 was paid to Sears, Roebuck & Co. for farm equipment. I wonder if you will see a discrepancy here? Sears, Roebuck & Co. and Montgomery Ward & Co. do a large mail order business in contraceptives, featuring them on several pages of their large catalogues and giving space very often to them in their smaller catalogues sent at intervals during the year. Do you not think it well to be consistent and refuse to buy from those firms who are doing just what we are fighting to overcome?

Some time ago several different women wrote to these Companies protesting the advertising of such articles but not much satisfaction was gained. The new Sears Roebuck Co. catalogue has just been issued and the same articles are advertised as boldly as ever.

Various members of the clergy said they would write and protest against this, but apparently their protests met with no response.

What would you suggest about this matter—what can each one of us do to combat this evil?

Sincerely yours in Christ,

JUSTICE.

Ed. Note: This information about the mail order houses is new to us. Certainly we were not deliberately inconsistent. We assure JUSTICE that CATHOLIC WORKER groups will act accordingly.

Conscription

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Editor:

In the December issue you had an excellent article by Father O'Toole against conscription of soldiers for war across the seas. In that article I learned for the first time that conscription under those circumstances was unconstitutional.

If you could send me a few copies of that issue in which Father O'Toole's article appeared, I feel I can have a lot of people's views changed on conscription, just as mine were when a friend let me read his copy of your paper.

I thank you in advance and I hope you can grant my request.

Yours very truly,

Albert Sargewitz.

3. What is self indulgence is prostitution of functions.
4. Prostitution in marriage is prostitution of marriage.
5. Prostitution of marriage is prostitution legalized.
6. Prostitution legalized is prostitution plus hypocrisy.

N. Y. C. Readers

Remember
Catholic
Charities

Land News

Oshkosh, Wis.

Dear Editor:

I am much pleased to note that "The Land" page will remain a regular feature of your paper. It would profit the country greatly if other papers would follow your wise example. Land and labor are more closely bound together than capital and labor; but the former relationship is overlooked as if it did not exist.

The "Michigan C. W. Farming Commune," in your February number was interesting. I should like to see another brief article from the same source giving the following facts: Its location; number of acres; value per acre; mortgage debt, if any; how the farm was obtained and paid for; how many persons make their living, or the greater part, by living and working on it; what part of the work is done by transient or part time guests; does the farm pay its way without outside assistance?

The above information would be valuable to others thinking of other possible Communes; especially in comparison with personal incidents in the life of a cow and a pig. Humanity must draw its living from land; and labor must eventually have free access to land if men are to remain free. There is little freedom among men where large-scale tenantry prevails. These communes should have on their shelves some books of information on how land may again be made free, as it was in the preceding century.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN HARRINGTON.

From France

Convent of Monthorer's
Louvigne du Desert
Ille et Vilaine
France

January 12, 1940.

Dear Editor:

Please let me tell you how kind I think it of you to continue sending me THE CATHOLIC WORKER. (However, one copy of each issue would suffice, unless it contains anything of mine, as here in France I have no one to pass it on to.) In recognition of my gratitude I have arranged for the Lights of the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament to burn two days and nights for the intention of your House of Hospitality—a beautiful work which God will bless, as I had permission to devote for that purpose the honorarium I was paid for some verses.

I herewith enclose a short review on a book which seemed to concern the aims of THE CATHOLIC WORKER. I shall be glad if you find space for it—it could be curtailed if you care to cut it down—but do not feel at all bound to use it, or even to return it, if unavailable, as I have a duplicate. But perhaps you will be so courteous as to let me have a post card in any case. I am sorry to have no American stamp to enclose.

In union of prayers for peace,
Believe me,
Yours sincerely in Christ Jesus,
(Mother) M. ST. THOMAS.

Wants Article

Maumee, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

Enclosed find money order for fifty cents, for which I would like to have you send me Dr. Barry O'Toole's articles on Conscription, to be used in a debating class in our school.

Thanking you very much,
I remain yours truly,
LAWRENCE FLAHERTY.

Of Trash and War

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Editor:

Not so long ago I heard someone say that your paper was "just a lot of trash." Now, I know a man who says that he can take a handful of the right kind of trash and set it on fire, with the right kind of fire, without burning it down, and build the Kingdom of God on Earth. Maybe he is right, for he thinks he can win and guide and do a bit of bossing, too, at times.

Would it not be great to have the warring peoples of the earth use their bayonets to plow and harrow the soil? Then, too, it would be just tremendous to see them turn their tanks into tractors and convert their crimson fields of honor into bright green playgrounds for their laughing children.

William P. Allen.

Mother Earth

Houston, Texas.

Dear Editor:

I wish to congratulate you on retaining the Land Page. If people only knew it the Land Question is most important. What are wars about? Land. Where do raw materials come from? Land. If the source of supply is not important, then nothing else is, for without supply, life cannot be. Yet most people do not realize what land is—the Earth itself. If the price of land rises, everybody is glad. They think it means prosperity is returning. Suppose that other natural element—water—became so scarce by being hoarded that it had to sell by the quart? Land is now selling by the front foot. No, Dear Editor, keep that Land Page open. It is the key to all economic problems. Want, War and Waste are but different phrases of the land question. There is an old saying, "Who owns the lake, owns the fish?" If that is true, isn't it also true that "Who owns the Earth owns the people on it?" And read Henry George.

If the Earth is ours, then ours is the Rent, and taxes are a needless detriment. Read Henry George and learn what all must learn: Truth once revealed no power can overturn.

Peter W. Schwauder.

BOOK PLATES



The above design is the symbol of Saint Edward, King of England, who was martyred for the Faith while out hunting. Our other wood engravings are designed in a similar manner to illustrate a quality of, or an incident in, a saint's life.

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FURTHER CONDITIONS OF JUST WAR

Rt. Rev. G. Barry O'Toole, Ph.D., S.T.D.

Professor of Philosophy in the Catholic University of America

St. Thomas, as we have seen, does not claim that his enumeration of the conditions required to justify aggressive war, is exhaustive. In point of fact, still other conditions are stipulated by later Christian moralists. These are principally the following: (1) right way; (2) right proportion; (3) no alternative solution.

(1) Right Way

The Jesuit theologians, Suarez and Bellarmine, lay down as a necessary condition of all just war the requirement of *debitus modus*—that it is to be conducted in the right manner. This Victor Kathrein, S. J., explains as follows: "The conduct of the war must be confined within the limits of justice and love." (*Moral philosophie*, II, p. 744.)

Inasmuch as the guilt of those under attack constitutes the only just ground for war (involving mortal combat), it follows that all killing must in justice be confined to the guilty, and that the lives of the presumably innocent must be spared.

In other words, just warfare is obliged to distinguish: (a) between combatants and non-combatants; (b) between armed enemies and unarmed prisoners.

Guilty and Guiltless

Even, in our secularized times, when governments no longer regard war as a punishment of guilt, a conventional distinction between guilty and guiltless still persists. It is looked upon as most dishonorable for a soldier to use his arms against defenseless women, children, and oldsters. And, in fact, any injury to the civilian population in general is unpermissible in war, except in so far as it is an unintended and unavoidable consequence of lawful conduct.

The modern practice, therefore, of subjecting the civilian population to air raids and bombings with poison gas is an immoral way of conducting war. The same is to be said of the British naval blockades of both the last, and the current, European war. The end never justifies an evil means. Hence, no one may punish the innocent in order to intimidate the guilty.

Speaking of the former blockade, which like the present one, sought to strike at the German government and army through the civilian population, by starving the latter (babies, women, and old people), Winston Churchill, then as now First Lord of the Admiralty, said at Paris in January of 1915: "Germany is like a man throttled with a heavy gag. You know the effect of such a gag... The effort wears out the heart, and Germany knows it. This pressure shall not be relaxed until she gives in unconditionally."

Ends and Means

To injure the innocent in order to bring the guilty to terms is to use a *morally bad means* of attaining that end, and no end, however good or even noble, avails to justify a wicked means. St. Paul indignantly repudiates this doctrine as one falsely and calumniously imputed to the Christians by the enemies of Christianity: "And not rather—as we are slandered, and as some affirm that we say—let us do evil that there may come good" (Romans iii, 8). In short, this doctrine that the end justifies or sanctifies the means, is a most false and pernicious principle which spells the ruin and downfall of all morality. So important is it for us to use nothing but pure means in the attainment of our ends, that we may go so far as to say: "Take care of the means, and the ends will take care of themselves."

Those who fight in an unjust cause may be "guilty," but it would be ridiculous to classify babies and other non-combatants as "guilty." Neither in war nor in peace may the innocent be killed or injured. Their accidental death may be permitted, provided it is not intended and every precaution has been taken to avoid it. But deliberately to cause the death of non-combatants is sheer and inexcusable murder. Says the great Dominican theologian Francis de Victoria: "We must be careful that war does not bring with it greater evils than it is to cure. If a decisive victory depends on the destruction of a fortress or garrison containing a number of innocent and defense-

less people, it is not permissible to sacrifice them in order that a lesser number of the guilty should be punished. Let the cockle grow with the wheat—lest in pulling up the cockle the wheat be pulled up too."

Distinctions

Neither can *carte blanche* be given to kill combatants in modern warfare. For nowadays the combatants consist almost entirely of conscript soldiers. Those who fight of their own free will in an unjust cause are no doubt amenable to punishment. But conscript combatants, particularly when fighting on their own soil, are in the same position as innocent non-combatants.

Moreover, once a combatant has surrendered and laid down his arms, that is to say once he assumes the status of an unarmed prisoner, his life becomes sacrosanct and may not be taken even in case of the gravest so-called military necessity. In a word, it is downright murder to kill a prisoner (unless, of course, he attacks his captor or tries to escape).

Killing Prisoners

In former articles, I have alluded to instances of the deliberate killing of helpless prisoners in the last World War by the Germans, the British and the Americans. These instances were not cited as cases based on unexceptionable testimony, but rather as so many curls of smoke indicating the unquestionable presence of fire.

A British citizen has since complained to me about what he considered a reflection on the British Army of that time. In justice to him, I must say that I had my sources mixed in the query I made about British officers "blooding" their recruits. This testimony should have been put in the mouth of one of our American war-correspondents rather than in that of the officers themselves.

I distinctly recall, however, reading just such a report by a war correspondent who did make that precise charge against British officers (of the period between 1915 and 1917).

No doubt, the testimony of a war-correspondent is not above suspicion, and the same may be said of some of the hearsay I cited about the killing of prisoners by American troops.

"Military Necessity"

Indeed, one American veteran wrote to suggest that certain such tales might well be "cock and bull" stories. However, he himself admitted that prisoners were killed in the last World War, but "only in case of military necessity."

Now, "military necessity" can cover a multitude of sins that no necessity whatever can possibly justify. Necessity can never be such as to "drive us" to commit murder, and if it does, we are not excused from a crime that we must rather die than commit.

Many of our readers will recall a recent radio play broadcast from a New York station and dealing with such a murdering of prisoners by American soldiers in 1917. One of the soldiers was represented as decent enough to refuse to perpetrate this horrible crime at the command of his "hard-boiled" officer.

Now "military necessity" may mean much or little, and it means very little indeed when it is handed over to the tender mercies of officialdom's impersonal and rubber-like conscience. When the high command feel that they cannot afford to spare any "grub" for prisoners, the word is soon passed around that no prisoners are to be taken, and the result is murder on the pretext of a "military necessity."

At times, indeed, the pretext is less thin. Troops are not seldom placed in the predicament of having to desert their posts, in order to march their prisoners to the rear, or of having to set them free. In either case they are liable to courtmartial—to be shot for desertion, or for treachery. Are they then justified in shooting their prisoners? God forbid! And if modern war, by its very nature, creates such military necessities of committing murder, then so much the worse for modern war.

(To be continued)

Day After Day

(Continued from page 4)

making almost a three weeks' visit in Portland, and then on to San Francisco. This is a long pilgrimage, and I beg our readers to remember me in their prayers.

Although the population of Oregon is only 10 percent Catholic, the city of Portland has a fine center for the jobless in the Archbishop Blanchet's Shelter, just off Burnside Avenue, which is the Skid Row of the city. Around the corner is Ericson's, which used to have the longest bar in the world, patronized by loggers, and in the neighborhood there are many of the small hotels and missions which make this street so like our Bowery.

The Shelter boasts a large reading room where the men can hang out from nine in the morning until ten at night; showers and towels (and they have only lost three in the last two years); a store room where the men park their packs; offices; a chapel beautiful in its warm simplicity, and named the Chapel of Christ the Worker, and a literature and pamphlet center run by the Catholic Truth Society and presided over by Catherine Temple, who visited the New York Catholic Worker for three months last year, and who is our representative in Portland. It was good to see the American and the Eng-

lish Catholic Workers pasted in a window display when I first visited the place.

Farm Venture

Father John E. Larkin is in charge of the work, and he and two other priests, Father Martin Thielan and Fr. Francis Schaeffers give talks twice a week to the men. When the weather is good, throughout winter and summer they speak from the street corner, with a loud speaker and when it rains they are indoors. Once a year there is a retreat.

The building is owned and though part of it is at present rented, there are plans afoot to run a breakfast line such as we have in New York and start a dormitory upstairs.

Already Fr. Larkin has inherited a farm of 150 acres from Father Le Martin, an old friend of the CW who died a few months ago. He used to write to us about this land, suggested the Catholic Worker group, when one was formed in Portland, aid in starting a farming commune for the unemployed. The farm is over a hundred miles away, down the coast.

The priests engaged in this work have long been friends of the CW. Father Larkin lunching with us last year at Mott street, and Father Thielan helping in distributing papers during a strike here a few years ago.

Railroad Story

(Continued from page 3)

man from THE CATHOLIC WORKER who had finished up at Bridgeport at 8 p.m. on the 15th and then was sent to Rye for the night.

His elapsed time from 11 p.m. on the 14th was 21 hours, of which only one hour was taken out for meals. His contention was that if credit for the other three hours was deducted to settle for his meals, he should not also have been charged \$1.25 for his meals, as he was. His objection was not allowed, and he was obliged to pay the charge.

Like all the others, numbering nearly 200 sent from New York, he paid 10 per cent of his total earnings as an "agency fee."

The question raised by some after reviewing the situation was this: If they were obliged to pay an agency fee, then the agency must have hired them to work for somebody else. Were they working for Kane or for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad? And in any case, who was responsible for those atrocious meals and those literally lousy beds?

Subscribe to
The Catholic Worker

Clothes

Month of St. Joseph.

Dear Friends:

Since our appeal in the February issue for clothes we have received many generous gifts of women's clothes. Shortly before the snowstorm two large boxes of shoes and rubbers arrived. They were sent by the Sisters of Maryknoll. It was good to see low-heeled shoes with C and D widths. There are none left now and several women have asked for them so I hope more will arrive soon.

There were three answers from my appeal for part time work. They were all eagerly filled and so far two are steady jobs. However, both the women could use additional work at forty cents an hour. Several other women have asked for work, two being interested in housework and the third to take care of children from 4 to 8 years old. One woman expects a good job in two months, but she needs a good job now since she is staying at the Salvation Army Hospice and using up her savings. The second needs part time work to support her child and herself. She would like a Bible too. She never has had and doesn't care how old it is so long as it is readable. We need men's clothes. The

few which came in this past month have rested only a brief while on the shelves before being given out. And so we beg you to ask your brothers, father and men friends to send us their old clothing.

We sent two boxes of children's clothing to a friend in New Jersey whose neighbors were very poor. She writes, "The little girls were speechless; they had never owned a silk dress before. Mrs. Rutherford thanks you for the clothes. I have not seen Margaret yet to give her the baby clothes. She'll be delighted for she had to dress the twins in doll clothes from the 5-and-10-cent store."

Pray for us.

Gratefully yours in Christ,
JULIA PORCELL.

PRAYERS

We ask our readers to remember in their prayers the Souls of Father Paul Francis, Father Maguire and Col. P. H. Callahan. All have distinguished themselves in the service of Christ in His fellows.

Carolina Chain Gang Story

Seems like all my plans are shot again. I'm still in the dumps as I wrote last month but not literally. The police came and shooed us from our "colony" and even our priest-friend couldn't do much to help us in spite of his protests. He handed me a two-dollar bill and gave the sick boy some money and we headed out. I had planned to come by an indirect route to visit you and take in some of the other Houses of Hospitality. But wait until you hear what happened.

With five others I was riding a fast freight train, known to the boys on the road as the "bean man." For a while I was patting myself on the back for having outwitted the railroad detective. When we least expected it, we were arrested in a small town that was supposed to have no railroad "bull" and were marched to a county jail for immediate trial and sentenced to thirty days on the chain gang (I would have to fiddle around this neck of the woods).

Our trial was a corker. A sleepy judge was called to the county jail and the six non-paying passengers were arraigned. The judge asked a guard from the county road camp how many men were needed at the place. Eight were needed, so we were detained until the local police went out to herd in a couple of the bad boys from the town. The trial got under way and lasted about five minutes—just long enough to have the judge sign commitment papers for us and swear a few times. We had been warned not to tinker with the court, for this would mean ninety more days for our "contempt."

Man's Treatment of Man

Believe me, this camp is a tough layout. We were given striped suits upon entering and a lecture as to what the rules were about. It was made plain that the "hoboes" were to get a double dose of everything. I've been here a week now and believe me I've found they didn't fall short of their promises. All week we work in the gravel pits which furnish gravel for the county roads. We dare not smoke, talk or try to take time out, not even for our personal needs. When dinner time comes we line up with our hats held in our hands behind our backs and wait for the guard to give us the signal to "bean up." Beans make up our noon meal. They get so monotonous and I can't eat the dried fat-back (de-larded salt pork) they throw in with it. Every morning means grits, bread, molasses and coffee. Supper means more beans (but sometimes the variety is changed) and the heaviest and soggiest kind of corn bread. After each meal we are searched for utensils. The way the guards treat the men I can easily see the reason for this search.

The cell-block in which we sleep is crowded and smelly. The toilet bowls are in the same room and the beds are arranged two-high and about a foot apart. A corridor separates us from another cell-block in which the trusted men and short-timers sleep. They at least have more space. The guard on duty is perched on a high chair between the two blocks. He wears a big weapon at his side and has a shot-gun laid across his lap. Even to get up at night we must yell "gettin' up Captain" and he in turn yells "Git up and git back quick."

Yes, the smell of the place has me nauseated. The work has my back aching and my hands in horrible shape. I'm hungry for a decent bit of food, something to read (they allow nothing except on Saturday nights and Sunday, when we get a few Protestant bibles). My complaints are many and I don't seem to have the physical or spiritual strength to bolster up. Conversation is futile. The men around me are so embittered from the way they're treated. If they were bad when they came here—well, there's certainly nothing about the place that will make them anything but worse.

The Sabbath

Yesterday one of the fellows was sick and bolted at his work. He was given a dose of castor oil and put in the "cracker box" for seventy-two hours. This means going in to a little metal cell out in the yard and living on crackers and water for seventy-two hours, after which time (it's a law and isn't it humane?) he must be given a full meal and another chance to be obedient. One of the fellows who came in with me had to stand all night with his hands chained to the bars. That's what he got for not keeping "his head down and his pick swingin'" to please the guard. Poor guy, he and his partner were on the way to a job when they were hooked.

The only reason I can write this is because it's Saturday night. This is the only night we can write letters or read. I'm going to give this to a fellow to pass on to a "trusty" prisoner to mail. If this is detected it means I'll get the cracker box or lose the five days I'm supposed to get off for good behavior. Last Saturday night everyone was writing, but I learned that they were not writing letters but notes to one another. The guards are not wise to this trick yet. You see they can't talk much with the guard always within hearing distance.

You should have been here for the religious ceremony last Sunday morning. We were all commanded to sit on benches and bunks near the bars facing the corridor. A group of some variety of "Holy Rollers" came and sang boisterous hymns and a preacher harangued us for an hour and a half. The men did not join in the singing despite the cajoling of the superintendent. He even threatened them. There was much grumbling over the whole thing, and the Super sure was hot. The preacher asked the Super to lead in the closing prayer and this provoked laughter. He said "I'm not up on them things." I hope all of you remembered me at Mass.

Sunday afternoons the men who have money can buy good smokes, cake, pie, soda, milk and other niceties from the superintendent's wife. Gosh, I got hungry looking at this food, especially after the Sunday dinner of tripe and a sweet potato. They are good at sharing, however, and my appetite was appeased. The Super's wife can bake some swell cake but the prices are exorbitant. The odor of her cooking passes through our cell block every evening and agitates our hunger. Then again about nine o'clock when we are told to quiet down for the night she usually makes delicious coffee and its smell is as delicious as the taste of our

Hamilton, Ont.

THE CATHOLIC WORKER
St. Michael's House
101 Caroline St. N.,

Well, here we are at our new address, down in a notorious district, in a poor, ramshackle cottage that has now become "home" to THE CATHOLIC WORKER group. Although as a slum this district could not compare with the frightful slums of New York, yet it is bad enough. I wish you could see the House—it is a one-story frame cottage with five rooms and bath in the poorest condition imaginable. We have had a deuce of a time with our plumbing—one minute it freezes and the next minute it leaks—although, thanks to Mike, our one and only guest and a real Godsend—it is now in good shape.

The house was filthy when we came into it, and it is taking a lot of hard work to get it into condition. Chris and Tom are papering the living room and dining room, and as soon as we can we are going to get some paint and do the woodwork. There are no handles on either the back or front door, but no doubt we will be able to get them both fixed up in time. We are replacing (slowly) the smashed window panes, and all in all are making a livable place out of what was nothing more than a hovel. We have from twenty to thirty men coming in for supper (soup bread and coffee) every night (except Sunday) and of course men, women and children in all states of dress and undress still knock at our front door begging for the few clothes we have on our rack.

Father Priester of St. Mary's (the parish we are now in) has promised to come and bless the house, so that ought to help us some. We still recite Compline each evening for peace and thanksgiving, as more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

Really, I don't think there is very much more I can say about our House. You know from your own vast experience what goes on from day to day in these Houses of Hospitality all across the Continent and over in Great Britain. It is the same terrible story of the desperately poor seeking food and lodging or what scraps of clothing we have. God grant that a new and brighter day will soon dawn for these, God's favored sons and daughters. I say favored, for surely they are dearest to His Divine Heart.

JOSEPH L. SULLIVAN.

supper cocoa is rotten. The big shots up on the hill enjoy coffee and the little shots in the cells must endure this horrid cocoa (I'm smiling over the thoughts of Peter's essay on little shots and big shots).

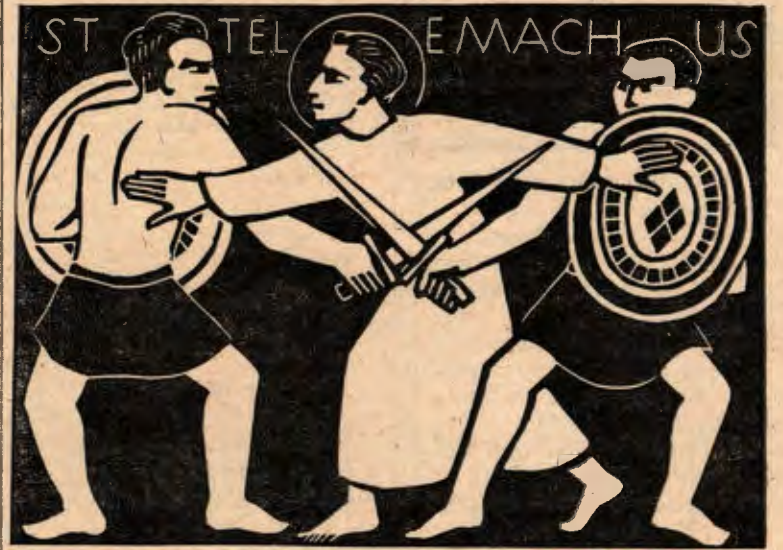
There's no such thing as Mass or confession here. They wouldn't even let me keep my rosary and ridiculed me for having it. I try as best I can to remember that it is the Holy season of Lent. But then I catch myself almost assenting to the wishes of evil that the men put on the guards and the rotten patronage machine in this state that this chain-gang is a part of. These men are not really criminals. I've even heard them remark how the "one's that are real criminals live the life of Reilly at the State penitentiary." There is one fellow here for beating up his boss. It seems the boss held back half the salary he agreed to pay. This fellow told me, "Maybe I should have been a high class criminal and gone to the State Pen. All I wanted was what I agreed to work for and now I'm under these cannibals." He explained to me that these guards were part of a huge patronage machine and the road-gang quota is kept up so they can keep their jobs.

Should this reach you all right be sure to remember these boys in your prayers. I will try to smuggle another letter out before I get out myself. I don't know if I will lose my good time or not (a reservation of mind in case I get sick and am stood up by the bars for "insubordination") but anyway I'll get word to you from wherever I happen to be. The lights go out soon and I must quit in time to ditch this letter. I'll probably have a nightmare about coffee in the heaven upstairs and cocoa in the hell below then be ready to tackle and mark off another day at the gravel pit. Goodbye and God bless you. Ben Joe Labray.

St. Telemachus—Martyr

It was the year 404. The Emperor Honorius was celebrating the inauguration of his sixth consulate. The customary gladiatorial sham-bles had been arranged in honor of the occasion.

In vain had the Christian bard, Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, pleaded with a professedly Christian Emperor to abolish the human sacrifices of the arena. "Thy father..." exclaimed the poet, "forbade the City to be stained with the blood of bullocks; do thou forbid the deaths of unfortunate men in combat. Let none fall in the City punished not for jus-



tice sake but for pleasure." (*Against Symmachus' Oration*, Bk. II, vv. 1122-25.)

Placards were affixed throughout Rome announcing the time of the festal carnage and the fame of the gladiators.

At length the appointed day arrived and eager crowds poured into the Colosseum from all the fourteen Regions of the City.

In one of these throngs converging upon the amphitheater walked a youthful, barefooted monk from the East named Telemachus. Pale and emaciated from fasting and deeds of penance, he had arrived in Rome only the day before. Presently he found himself pressed against the parapet of the great arena and looking down at those storied sands which had drunk in the blood of legions of Christian martyrs. In spite of the triumph of Christianity, he reflected, pagan cruelty still prevailed, while human life was as cheap as ever.

Meanwhile, the first gladiators had filed into the arena. They saluted the Emperor and joined in a battle that was not to be. For hardly had they crossed swords when Telemachus sprang into the arena and, fearlessly interposing his body between the combatants, thrust them apart. "Peace," he cried, "in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ: enough and more than enough of this unholy bloodshed!"

The spectators rose from their seats. Enraged at having their cruel pleasures interrupted, they snatched up every available missile, overwhelming the young monk with a shower of stones. Only when he lay motionless on the sands, a maimed and blood-stained corpse, did their fury abate. That sight brought the people to their senses. They repented of their crime and submitted without a single protest when Honorius abolished by law the holding of gladiatorial combats.

This history of St. Telemachus, last martyr of the Colosseum, has been preserved for us by Theodoret, a Father of the Church and Bishop of Cyrus in Syria. It is contained in book V, chapter 26, of his *Ecclesiastical History*, written about A. D. 450.

Those who since then have cherished the memory of this great Christian hero are all too few and far between. Had there been among Christians greater devotion for martyrs like Telemachus and Marcellinus (whom Father Boldrick justly acclaims the patron saint of conscientious objectors), the faithful of today would not be so complacent towards wanton and wholesale bloodshed—towards the abomination of desolation known as modern war.

May God reward Ade Bethune, whose artist hand has made green again the memory of a forgotten saint. May her picture inspire devotion to this gallant, generous youth who, after the example of the Lord Jesus Himself, gave his life that others might live. St. Telemachus, martyr of Christian peace, pray for us!

(Rt. Rev.) G. Barry O'Toole.

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LOOKING AT THE WORLD

by

James Devane

Taken from the Irish Rosary
January, 1940

I. Worshipped a Theory

1. We saw in the last number that the pre-war gold-standard was a fiction.
2. It was beautiful theory and a glass case measure that was never tested.
3. If it were tested, it would break and fail.
4. Men accepted it, because they had faith and believed it to be true.
5. They worshipped a theory.
6. This worship of theories built on but the flimsiest ground of fact, experience and evidence, was characteristic of every branch of knowledge in the nineteenth century.

II. Collapsed in Our Day

1. The whole system of economics from A to Z was, as we have seen, built on the false hypothesis of an "economic man."
2. Since the presumption was false all the deductions were false.
3. The whole edifice erected was top heavy.
4. It collapsed in our day.
5. And I don't think that the science of political economy as we knew it will ever be reconstructed.
6. In the physical sciences in the nineteenth century, we saw the same mind at work.
7. But in these physical sciences,

- the debate was always contested.
8. There was foil and counter-foil, blow answered blow.

III. Once in a While

1. In political economy there was no defense.
2. The tide flowed one way.
3. Once in a while a Ruskin, a Devas challenged classical economists.
4. But so much was the life in England and America in the nineteenth century governed by economic forces and the universal pursuit of wealth, that the thin voices of the dissenters were silenced by the tumult, clamour and exulting triumph of the worshippers at Pluto's shrine.

IV. In Ireland

1. Of all that vast British-American world, in Ireland alone a poor peasantry is unsupported by a native aristocracy, a native parliament, a native university or by men of eminence in learning or in the arts.
2. It clings by intuition and sentiment to ancient values.
3. Their poverty and helplessness, their lack of higher culture was advanced by Liberal economists as a further proof if proof were needed, of the truth of the economic philosophy.

V. Puritan Ireland

1. In Ireland alone of these two northern isles the issue is contested today as keenly and bitterly as ever in the past.
2. For in thirty-two counties you have for the most part a community of peasant proprietors,

This page, usually devoted to the land, is given over this month to some adaptations by Peter Maurin of the writings of contemporary authors whom Peter considers an antidote for the prevalent liberal writers. The purpose of these adaptations, which will appear from time to time, is to give liberals "who do not know how to liberate" and who are thrown off their balance by their disillusionment with Marxist ideology, an opportunity to find out what Catholics, "modern," "progressive" and all the rest of it, are thinking.

This page will be devoted to the land in subsequent issues.

- one man shop owners, diffuse ownership personality and personal independence.
3. In the northeast of the isle, a great Neo-English American city Belfast.
 4. It is called euphemistically by several names: Ulster, Northern Ireland, Northeast Ireland.
 5. But if we would speak the truth and name the things after their true essence we would more justly entitle that city Puritan Ireland.

VI. In the Physical Sciences

1. Unlike economics, the verdict in other branches of knowledge in the nineteenth century did not go by default.
2. In the physical sciences when a band of learned men set up the molecular theory for our adoration, there was always at hand some able man who questioned it and asked what was behind the molecule.
3. When the atomic theory was promulgated a learned man was always found to make a good dent on the new ninepin.
4. When the atom fell and the wave theory supplanted it someone always came forward to question the infallibility of that theory.

VII. Geology and Physiology

1. In geology, if a scientist, on the evidence of a few flints or fossils, estimated the age of the earth to within a few years, another was at hand to question the evidence and the deduction.
2. In physiology, if someone set out to prove that human life was a mass of cells, tissues, fluids, secretions, floating around at their own sweet will, there was always someone

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

by

Don Sturzo

Taken from
The Preservation of the Faith
December, 1939

I. Actuated Freedom

1. We do not seek to defend this or that particular institution or present day democracy in the shape it has assumed in Great Britain or in the other countries that call themselves democracies.
2. We wish to defend the spirit of democracy in modern society.
3. To us the spirit of democracy is freedom actuated in social life as correlative to authority;
4. An authority in which the whole people shares according to the capacities and position of each in cooperation for the common good.

II. Such Is Reality

1. For us, democracy is a political and social system embracing the whole people, organized on a basis of freedom for the common good.
2. Here we find the true spirit of democracy, its most comprehensive ideal as it should be realized in civilized and Christian countries.
3. This as an ideal is our starting point.
4. This as a practical aim is our goal.
5. Between the starting point and the goal there is a space to be traversed.
6. It is the historical space that God has given to men for their experiments.
7. Such is reality.

in the opposite camp to put a good case for the monotheist as against the pantheist or the mechanist and ask who moved the earth and bade the sun stand still.

VIII. In Anthropology

And in anthropology, should someone strive to prove on the evidence of a few bones that man was one million, one hundred and sixty-seven thousand, nine hundred and sixty-five years on this earth, or that man was the direct descendant of an ape, there was always at hand another scientist to ask for the missing link.

III. The Old Reappears

1. Must all that has been built, be thrown on the rubbish heap?
2. Have we nothing to defend?
3. Are there among us those pessimistic enough to say: "Let us make a clean sweep and start again from the beginning?"
4. But history does not proceed in this way.
5. When anyone, a dictator for example, even a man of genius like Napoleon, seeks to change the face of the earth in the space of a few years, what was believed dead and done with reappears under other aspects.

IV. Like the Sea

1. Violent action cannot last.
2. History proceeds by slow evolution even when superficial changes are sudden and clamorous.
3. It is like the sea which through the centuries eats away the shore.
4. The storms do only superficial damage or carry away what time has already corroded.

V. Neither Destroy or Defend

1. To destroy the present democracies for the sake of better ones would be an attempt at suicide.
2. And he who attempts suicide either dies or lives on, blind and maimed and with less confidence than ever in himself.
3. By this, however, we do not mean that we must defend the present day democracies just as they are, their defects, their crises or the men who represent them.

VI. Start From the Present

1. We must start from the present as it is.
2. We must act in it, striving for the further realizations which we believe to be not only the best but possible of attainment.
3. Hence we do not uphold the present democracies where they are open to criticism.
4. We uphold them in so far as they are really democratic, and at the same time hold something that is fundamental and permanent.

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